FOR A.E.F.

SPRING SUGGESTIONS ADIEU

6 ME OLD C. H. MAKES A CEAUTIFUL

OF BRAINKSAL

DRAPE OUTSIDE

OUR BEDIRO

NOW THAT THE OLD CAMPAIGN HAT IS DOOMED AND A MORE APPROPRIATE BOUNET NOW ADDRAS THE THATCH IT SO LONG AND FAITHFULLY COVERED ; WHY LIMIT THE

APPROPRIATENESS OF THE MILITARY CHAPEAU





A PRACTICAL COMBINATION HAT

AND GA'S ,MASK

I EVER TASTED

A DELIGHTFUL CHIC CREATION OF FLAP JACK NATERIAL :- THESE COULD BE FURNISHED BY THE MESS SERGEANT AND USED TO EXCELLENT ADVANTAGE AS AN EMERGENCY DATION.

WELL AS SAMMLE ' ABOUT AS

OR A CUTE FETCHING LITTLE CHAPEAU LIKE THIS .

WALLGREN



YOUR OVERCOAT IS FURNISHED YOU AS AN ARTICLE OF WEARINGT TO CLEAN THE BORE OF YOUR RIFLE WITH DESIDES IT IS HARD ON THE BUTTONS AS THEY ARE APT TO BECOME STUCK IN THE BARREL. IN THIS EVENT SIMPLY INSERT AND DISCHARGE A CARTRIDGE THIS WILL ABSOLUTELY REMOVE ALL BUTTONS - BARREL ETC.

BORIS'S BIG NOSE **SCENTS POISON AFAR**

Boche Gas Registers Quick Knockout When It Hits Loyal Russian

WINTER DINNER DISTURBED

Bolshevik Propaganda Won't Have Any Effect on One Slav's Fighting Temper

Boris is a good, loyal Ally. He is one of the few Russians still in the game as an active combatant. But, being new to the game on the western front where they fight by order, any old time, instead of holding an initiative and refer-endum before going on raids (as they are said to do in the East), he got stung when his company went up forward-

For Boris is not a mujik, but the pet of a company of mujiks. He came er with them early last year, before the revolution, and trained with them here in France. They were due to go up to the line last fall, but something came up to prevent it and they went, as

came up to prevent it and they went, as they thought, into winter quarters.
Boris thought so, too. Accordingly, Boris, being a bear--a real live Russian bear, but as tame as the ex-Car--made his preparations for hibernating. To hibernate, you eat at one sitting enough to last you through the winter, turn around three times in a pile of straw, and go to sleep. If anyhody calls you before grounding day, that anyhody is committing a social error.
Boris hibernated all right. He ate up all the young hands, rats, goats, and garbage in the surrounding countryside, garnished with much garlic and washed down with frequent potutions of beer. Then he laid himself away to his long rest.

But while Boris was time absent on.

rest.
But while Boris was thus absent on letached service—very detached, to hidge from his snores—orders came that-he company was to move. The word was quickly passed around by a series of whispered success and everybody got ready. Finally, when everything was set, there remained only one job; to wake up Boris.

Reveille For Boris

Reveille For Boris

Now, like Ivan Petrosky Skevar, famed in song sind story, the sons of the Russians are sturdy and bold and quite unaccustomed to fear. They will volunteer for a french raid, for outpost duty when things are lively, for anything mader the moon. But, having been brought up with bears, they are naturally a liftle bit chary about waking up one of the species before he's through with his three months' beauty steep.

No volunteers being forthcoming to tickle Boris' ribs or bean thin with a mallet or do anything else that might wake an ordinary person, the command draw lots, and two luckless comrades were elected. By dint of much prodding with their bayonets for about half a day, they at length got Boris to open one eye.

"Magrirriuphuntevitch!" he growled; which being literally translated, means, "What'n'ell are youse guys routing me out for at this hour of the night? I'm not on K. P. today!"

"Baklushkoshkovkaya bedam!" they shot back at him; menning, "The outfit is moving up front and you've got to come along. It's orders, so get a wiggle on."

"Grrump!" snorted Boris, much put

on."

"Grrrup!" snorted Boris, much put
out. But, being a good soldier, he unwound himself from his cruller-like attitude, stood up on his hind legs and
stretched, yawned a cavernous yawn,
and, fulling in at the retir of the column,
proceeded to drag himself and all the
winter dinner inside him over the roads
and up to the front.

They gave Boris a steel helmet. They
put a pack on his back. They even gave
him a gas mask. And thereby hangs the
tale.

Where Boris Fell Down

Where Boris Fell Down
White Boris could present arms and
do all the other things of close order
drill to perfection, he had never been
able, because of the natural clumsiness
of his claws, to put on a gas mask with
the speed required for safety. Consequently, Ivan Smoluy, his most intimate
pal among the humans, was told off to
put Boriss mask on in case of an atrage
—of course, after he had first adjusted
his own. This arrangement had just
been perfected, and thoroughly agreed to
by both bear and man, when Ding!
Ding! the gas gong sounded.

Whack! dropped the Belmets, and
everyone proceeded to tamp down those
masks. Ivan had some trouble with his
at first, but by frantic pulling managed
to gut it on and suck wind in the orthodox manner. The induct that was done
he looked around for Boris.

But Borls was out. Boris had passed

out cold. Being gifted with larger nostrils than the genus man, he had taken a good long suiff of the approaching deadliness and had just naturally toppled. There he lay, feebly clawing the air and breathing spasmodically. "loosen his clothing i's houted one of the first aid men who came rushing up. But, since Boris had no clothing other than that he was born with that order couldn't be obeyed short of skinning him alive. "Drag him to the rear!" shouted somebody else; so four huskies got hold of Boris's two hind legs and dragged him, willy-nilly, through the mud to comparative safety.

Someone brought out a flask, and pressed it in between Boris's big teeth. He drained it—and it held a quart—at one gulp; coughed, and grunted a very weak "Thank' you" in his best Moscowses. And then—and then he promptly proceeded to regret it.

He regretted it visibly and andibly, all over the shell-torn country. He had considerable to regret, for he had had all that winter dinner with him when he was gassed. All the things that gas does to a man it did to Boris, and ther some; for no man could ever have stored away the amount of food that the bear had.

In the Captain's Bunk

In the Captain's Bunk

In the Captain's Bunk
The regretting process over, Boris
dragged himself into a dugout. That
it happened to be the officers' dugout
made no difference at all in his young
life. He curled himself up on the capnin's own bunk and took up his sleep
just where he had left off. In sooth, he
was a mighty sick bear.
When the captain came back from a
tour of the part of the line his men
were helding, he took one look at his
hunk, and decided to sleep elsewhere.
There are limits to personal bravery.
Besides, one of the oldest mottoes in
Russian folklore says, "Let a sleeplug
bear lie."

Boris is on the mend, now, though, Ivan, who acts as his interpreter, says he apologized profusely to the captain, and told him he thought he was only premapting a lieutenant's bunk. In fact, Boris has gained so rapidly the past work that he has been put on light duty, acting as company seavenger.

He is counting the days, though, until the company goes back to the trenches, and he swears that if he can only set paws on the Boche who let loose that anuscating vanor upon him, said Boche will he in for a pressing engagement in the frem of a bear hug that will squeeze the yry daylights out of him.

NO RESTRICTIONS THERE

"America's help is restricted by her small amount of tonnage. She will work all the more politically against us."— Admiral von Tirpitz. You want to remember, Herr Admiral, that our ward politics can be pretty

PICKING UP A FOLLOWING

She (at home): "Raymond must be making friends with the French very

ust."
Other She: "Indeed?"
She: "Yes, he writes that for several
ceks now he has been a guest of Adrian

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ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Correct Letter Writing

By BRAN MASH

Correct letter-writing is the sine qua Army, in more senses than one, a man is known by his letters. For example, the differences between N.A. and U.S.A., between U.S.M.C. and U.S.R., are quite

marked.

But all joking aside, to be able to write correctly and get it by the censor is the last test in gentlemanly deportment. Accordingly a few simple ruleswery simple, in fact—are here laid down for the guidance of the novice in "the gentless art."

When writing to a young lady whom one does not know, extreme cantion should be practiced, even when she is sponsored and chaperoned by a Home Chapter of the Red Cross, the Epworth League, the Y.P.S.C.E., or any other benevolent organization. Even when she has sent one something (like a bath robe) which one cannot possibly use, one should rty to be politic in thanking her for it; polite, but lim. One should not encourage her to send any more things, because promiscaous correspondence with people with whom one is not personally acquainfed is not considered an fait by the higher circles in Army society. One should lie to her bravely and tell her the thing she sent (it was probably a hand-embroidered dolite for a billet bureau) was exactly the thing one needed. It won't be the first time on has had to tell a white lie, at that.

If writing to a young lady whom one does know, the rules for correspondence are greatly relaxed. The extent to which one may go in giving vent to one's feelings is limited solely to the amount of one's acquaintance with the young lady before one saited. In general, though, it may be put down as distinctly bad forn.

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to talk shop when writing to any young lady. She is not interested in the location and strength of military units, so long as the crosses at the end of one's letter are always to be found in the same place, and in increasing force with each succeeding letter. No matter how well one knows her, one should not try to send her a copy of the song the Engineers sing on hikes. The chances are that she wouldn't like it. Neither would the censor.

When writing to one's parents, the same rules about talking shop hold good. One's father and mother are not interested in maps of France: they would much rather see one's own plain but honest map any day. The only news of a military nature that they care about at all is the news that oneself is well. "I am well and healthy." Sprinkled liberally throughout the letter, adds much to its tone and pipaney, for home consumption. So do such expressions as "We love our capitalia," and "The boys are simply crazy about the new leutenant who was wished onto us by the Old Man." The last phrase is particularly efficacions when it happens that the leutenant referred to is censoring one's mail.

the lleutenant referred to is censoring one's mail.

Finally, in writing to one's former hoss, one should be uniformly polite, chatty and agreeable. If he is keeping up part of one's former salary while one is over here, one should be effusively so, for he is thereby showing himself to be a real sport. But whether he is or not, he is a good guy to keep in touch with, because—popular opinion to the contrary notwithstaudnig—this war isn't going to last forever, and one will still be under the necessity of earning a living when one gets back.

Transportation Officer.—The man who avented the story about side-door Pull-mans being capable of holding 40 men.

SHIRTS

ASK THE CHILDREN. IS PORT'S GREETING

City's English Speaking Students Act as Interpreters For A.E.F.

A certain French port is capitalizing the linguistic ability of its school children to reduce the difficulties of its American visitors who pas comprends. Every student who has advanced far enough in the study of English to speak it to a practical extent has been made a semi-official interpreter and is expected to place himself at the disposal of Americans whenever possible.

The pupils are given a badge modeled after the sphinx worn by French army interpreters. They wear it whenever they are in public. Notices have been placed in all American gathering places advising United States soldiers to "ask the school children when in doubt."

The coming of the Americans has acted as a great stimulus to the study of English in French schools, according to civil officials of this port. The increase in the number of pupils studying the language of France's principal Allies has been more than four hundred per cent in the last nine months.

General.—A man who has made a business out of soldiering all his life and who therefore ought to know some thing about it.

Colonel.—A man who has made a busi

A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

KHAKI COLLARS PARIS.

SULKA & C?

who therefore ought to know a little longues, etc., for giving a sloppy mess something about it. Lieurenant-Colonel.-See Colonel

Major.--A cross between a Colonel nd a Captain- with accent on the cross.

of a father with from 176 to 250 live, healthy and irrepressible husky chil-Medical Officer .-- A curious person job.

use the only drinking water obtainable in the village—thus driving one to beer. Insurance Bureau Officer.—A queer Captain .-- A man in the predicament bird who is trying to separate one from one's money.

Lieutenant.—A young man loaned to

sergeant hell, and for forbidding one to

the Captain to help him hold down his



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